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## A MATCH.

BY ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In and out of singing weather.  
Blown fields or flowered clover,  
Green pleasures or gray grief;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.  
If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are,  
That get sweet rain at noon;  
If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune.  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I, your love, were death,  
We'd shine and snow together  
Ere March made sweet the weather,  
With daffodil and starling  
And hours of fruitful breath;  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I, your love, were death.  
If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy,  
We'd plow for lives and seasons,  
With loving looks and reasons,  
And tears of night and morn  
And laughs of maid and boy;  
If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy.  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours,  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day, like night, were shady,  
And night were bright like day,  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May.  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein;  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.

## AN ORIGINAL NOVELLETTE.

"A Heroine of To-Day."  
WRITTEN FOR THE HARTFORD HERALD,  
By VIOLA.

### CHAPTER II.

The month sped by on golden wings, and, as Latta had said, 'twas hard to part with those she loved, yet the stern necessity of an education compelled, and she went almost without a murmur.  
Mary Ellis was an amiable, good hearted girl. She and Latta had been associated from their earliest youth, and there had always existed between them the most devoted affection for each other. But they were entirely different in every respect.—Neither was ever known to entertain the same opinion. Mary was blonde; Latta brunette. Mary was forgiving, and forgetful of wrong done her. Latta was the reverse, and treasured the memory of wrong endured and longed for reproof and vengeance.  
Mr. Ellis accompanied the girls to school, kindly placing them in charge of the Matron, and with many parting injunctions left them to their studies.  
As is often the case, the months flew by unheeded, and a year was gone before they realized its existence. Latta was very studious, applying every spare moment either to reading or writing. On first entering school her compositions had been greatly admired, so much so, that she had been prevailed upon several times to send her manuscripts to some literary paper. They were invariably published, and were universally praised as productions of great merit and rare promise of future distinction in the world of letters.  
I will not tire my patient readers with wearisome details of school life. Four years had passed. Latta and Mary were beginning their fifth and last term. Inauguring Latta's surprise and grief, when one morning as she was entering the school-room, a telegram was handed her, conveying the afflictive intelligence that her mother had been stricken with sudden and alarming illness and desired the presence of her idolized daughter.  
Not many hours elapsed before our heroine was wending her way homeward with a sad and forlorn heart. Mrs. Ellis met her at the door, and tried to cheer her with the thought that Mrs. Green was some better. But she, too, broke down, and was obliged to weep with the bereaved girl. Her mother welcomed Latta with a sad yet happy smile, clasped her closely to her breast, bade her sit down, held her hand in hers, and said:  
"Oh, I do thank God for sparing me to give my darling, my last blessing!"  
She was then seized with a spasm of coughing and was obliged to be lifted up to prevent strangulation. Her illness had told plainly on her. She was once so beautiful, was now reduced to a mere skeleton. Her face was as pale as marble, except a hectic spot that burned on each cheek, and one could easily discern that a swift consumption had developed itself, and was rapidly carrying her to her last resting place—the grave.  
After regaining her power of speech, Mrs. Green drew Latta still closer to her, and said: "Yes, Latta, I am surely going from you, my darling. My pilgrimage has almost ended. Do not weep, darling. Rather, rejoice that I am going to the home I have been longing for so many

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JUNE 23, 1875.

NO. 25.

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## For the Hartford Herald.

### MEDDLERS.

TAYLORVILLE, Ky., June 19.  
MR. EDITOR:—If you consign the following to your waste basket, or light your fragrant "Havana" with it, and smoke in utter obliviousness of this effort of a youth unknown to fortune or fame, it will be "all right."  
Meddlers are, of all persons, the most contemptible, and are despised by persons who make a business of attending to their own affairs. Whole-souled, broad-minded, liberal-hearted people regard a meddler as a something so mean, insignificant and little-minded as to scarcely demand their notice, were it not that they are always forcing themselves into notice. Their sphere of happiness seems to consist in prying into other people's affairs. There is no business transaction can take place without their knowledge. Oh, no, they must know all about it, or, if they have the least dislike to either of the parties engaged, they will do all they can to cause disturbance. If Satan ever has any emissaries on earth, meddlers surely fill the place. They are so little-hearted, narrow-minded, and devilish, they cannot endure to even see an intimacy between two individuals without gossiping about it, and trying to find out what such intimacy means, and do all they can to disturb the relations existing between such individuals. They feel and know that all truly noble-minded people have no confidence in them, and do not trust them with their plans and prospects, therefore they are jealous and envious, and do all they can to cause disturbances, quarrels, and strife among friends. If there is anything in phrenology, the bump of inquisitiveness, if examined, would be found to actually disfigure such individuals' heads, it being so largely developed. If you start on a journey, they must know where you are going, how long you are going to be gone, when you are coming back, and what you are going for. The next thing then is, make all haste and publish it. If they hear any story in regard to a neighbor, detrimental to his or her character, they must publish it. They are only happy when the air is fetid with scandal, so that in every breath they draw they can inhale the troubles of their neighbors. They would be supremely pleased were their neighbors at war, and general chaos the order of the day.  
If this description happens to offend any one, they will be apt to kick, but it does not matter.  
Let us have peace. H. B. T.

## The Professors and the Presidency.

MILWAUKEE Sentinel.

The confident prediction by so old and intelligent a statesman as Hon. Alexander H. Stephens that the next President of the United States will be a journalist, suggests the inquiry as to how the different professions have fared in the past in the distribution of that honor. A hasty review of the list will be found to result somewhat as follows:  
Washington, soldier, Tyler, lawyer, Adams, lawyer, Polk, lawyer, Jefferson, lawyer, Taylor, soldier, Madison, statesman, Fillmore, lawyer, Monroe, lawyer, Pierce, lawyer, J. Q. Adams, lawyer, Buchanan, lawyer, Jackson, soldier, Lincoln, lawyer, Van Buren, lawyer, Johnson, lawyer, Harrison, soldier, Grant, soldier.  
It is true that Jackson was a lawyer as well as a soldier—a judge as well as a general—but as it was his career as a fighter that made him President, he is credited to that profession. So Pierce was a brigadier general in the Mexican war; but he didn't distinguish himself peculiarly as a warrior; so we apply to him the correlative of the proposition that we applied to his great Democratic predecessor. It should perhaps be explained with respect to Madison that he studied law, but seems to have been drawn into public life too soon to make any progress in the practice.  
An Imperforable Witness.  
Mr. Dallas, once Vice President of the United States, while practicing law, was counsel in a case in Philadelphia, and Mr. Scheerer, a noted politician, was called in as a witness. The following questions were put by Mr. Dallas: "Mr. Scheerer, were you in Harrisburg last June?" "Last June, did you say, Mr. Dallas?" "Yes, last June, don't repeat my question but answer it." After some minutes of study, the answer came: "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg last June." "Were you in Harrisburg last July?" Here he reflected again, and slowly said, "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg in July." "Were you there last August, Mr. Scheerer?" The witness again meditated and said, "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not there in August." "Were you there in September?" Here Mr. Scheerer reflected longer than before, and replied, "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg in September." Mr. Dallas became tired of this barren result, and, raising his voice, said, "Mr. Scheerer, you tell the court when you were in Harrisburg?" "Mr. Dallas," said Mr. Scheerer, "I never was in Harrisburg in my life."

## Washing Not Taken In.

A good old minister of one of our New England Baptist churches was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five individuals had expressed a strong desire on the next Sunday to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves.  
After its performance, however, he was somewhat surprised and chagrined that only one of the five joined the society of which he was pastor.  
A few Sundays after the same elder waited on with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion.  
"And how many of them will join the society?" queried the minister.  
"Two, I regret to say, are all we can depend on," was the reply.  
"Very well," said the good old man, "you may as well inform the other eight that this church doesn't take in washing."

## RIDING A SHARK.

A Hawaiian Songstress as a Nainid—A Thrilling Adventure.  
San Francisco Call.

Miss Adelaide Miller, the Hawaiian songstress, was the heroine, a short time prior to her departure for San Francisco, of an adventure, perhaps, unlike any recorded in the wildest production of fancy; certainly nothing of equal romance has been made public.  
Miss Miller was on a visit to some friend at Wai-ki-ki, a celebrated watering place near Honolulu, and also noted as the summer residence of the Hawaiian Kings. It is a great place for surf-bathing—almost every hour of the day during the season shoals of dusky figures being visible bathing among the breakers. The waters near the shore are considered safe, but outside of the reef are tabooed, on account of the sharks, which abound in immense numbers. Wo to the daring swimmer who ventures that far. Once beyond the reef he may as well make his will in favor of the nearest fish, for his fate is as certain as the depletion of a friendless toper's exchequer by the voracious sharks of a police court.

One day Miss Miller was enjoying a surf-bath with a number of her companions. Like most of the islanders, she is amphibious, as much at home in water as upon land, swims, in fact, like a fish, and has a national reputation as a diver. While so engaged, one girl proposed they should swim out to the reef. The suggestion was not followed, fear of the monsters there abounding being the excuse. This did not intimidate the girl who made the proposition. She resolved to go thither herself, and finally bantered her companions into following her example. As they approached the reef a canoe passed them, the natives in it shouting, "Mano! Mano!" (shark! shark!) also urging them to hasten to the canoe for safety. But, before the terrified girls could move one way or the other, a huge blue shark surged in among them, and, rising to the surface, lifted Miss Miller out of the water. In her terror she grasped one of the shark's upper fins. This proceeding, as well as the burden upon its back, seemed to terrify the monster, for it darted off at a speed that would easily outstrip that of the fastest ship, keeping, however, upon the surface of the water. It kept along at this pace for about sixty yards, still bearing the Hawaiian lady upon its back, when it suddenly plunged downward, forcing its fair rider to let go her hold, and leaving her unscathed after her perilous adventure. She was soon picked up by the canoe, and, with her companions, returned in safety to Wai-ki-ki. This adventure raised Miss Miller highly in the estimation of her country people, by the bulk of whom the shark is held sacred, and still worshiped. Even after a century of Christianity, this superstition prevails. The Kanakas will not kill a shark except in self-defense, nor will they eat its flesh, though this is estimated a delicacy among most of the South Sea Islanders. The fact that a Hawaiian had ridden a fish so sacred (and we may add, voracious), was indeed a fit subject for paucity; though we question whether the highest eulogium would induce the sweet-voiced Maunian to again cavort upon the spine of an azure-skinned "mano."

## What is an Old Maid?

Never be afraid of becoming an old maid. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love. "Fall not in love, dear girls—beware!" says the song. But we do not agree with the said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, or get in love, if the object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what would be a more gratifying spectacle than a sight so pure, so approaching in its devotion to the celestial? No fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love and then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry for a "home" or a "husband." Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage rite is truly a sacrament. Without it, the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be "an old maid," if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and, though the witless may sneer and the jester may laugh, you still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life. For well-to-do old bachelors we have no sympathy. They ought to be taxed nine-tenths of all they are worth, to support women and children.

Dr. Berry, the Radical candidate for Treasurer, says he can't do much, but proposes to hug the women. We mentioned it to a Radical lady the other day, and she said, "that white man better keep his hands off his nigger—he had!"—Glasgow Times

## Catching a Cannon Ball—An Astonishing Feat.

An extraordinary exhibition was recently given at Jardin Mabille, Paris, which is thus described by a correspondent of the New York World.

There has been performing here, at the Folies Bergeres, a man named Holtum, an American, who has a cannon fired at him, and catches the ball in his hands. This prodigious feat was witnessed nightly, and although the actors present avowed that there was no trick, Pierre Veron, of the *Monde Illustré*, would not believe it. He said that the cannon ball must be thrown to Holtum from the stage. The latter made a bet of 5,000 francs that he would perform the feat under conditions which left no room to doubt; and when the bet was taken, Veron designated Mabille as the place for the trial. All the journalists of Paris were invited, and they found Holtum there before his cannon. It was examined with minute care, and the heavy ball was passed from hand to hand. "I am no longer in my own house," said Holtum; "you are master here, and you must watch over all the arrangements." Having carefully aimed and lashed his cannon, it was charged, and Holtum took his place against a plank target some ten yards away. This was to show that the ball was solid, and the force of the powder great enough to send it through the plank. Holtum got the aim of his gun, and then placed his head in a certain position against the plank, giving the command to fire. The ball just grazed the hair and broke through the plank, rolling some twenty yards further on. The same ball was picked up by the journalists, who again charged the cannon and sent home the ball, and this time Holtum caught the ball in his hands as neatly as he does nightly upon the stage. He won his bet, and no one seemed disposed to accept his offer of 3,000 francs to any one who would perform the same astounding feat. The physical force required must be enormous; but Holtum showed his strength by tossing up cannon balls as if they were so many oranges. The only precautions taken are very simple; he wears very thick leather gloves, and covers his breast with many thick pieces of this paper to form a sort of cuirass. This looks to me like a very dangerous feat, and particularly the first part of it, where Holtum places his head against the target half an inch below where the ball will probably strike. If the powder should chance to be defective, some day there might be an accident. It is like the foolhardy trick of putting one's head into a lion's mouth. One day I fancy that ball will snap his head very neatly off.

## Trifles for the Fair.

Ladies will sooner pardon want of sense than want of manners.  
Societies for the aid of fallen women are springing up in all parts of the country.

The European exodus has commenced in earnest, and from now until July the steamers of the popular lines will be crowded.  
Hypodermic injections of arsenic in rose-water is the latest way to enliven the ladies' faces. They don't mind the paralysis.

A woman, says Buckle, reaches her prime between thirty-five and forty; for, though her beauty has then lost the charm of youth, it has acquired that of expression.  
At morning weddings, according to Worth, the bride should appear in a delicate shade of violet grey; with a full English veil worn over the face.

A little Troy girl, hearing her school-teacher spoken of as a painstaking woman remarked that the scholars were the "painstakingest," for they were generally whipped all round every day.

According to a London doctor, black eyes and deceit go together in women.  
Lester Wallack has purchased, for \$30,000, a summer residence in Stamford, Conn., which bids fair to become quite a theatrical colony.

Fast young ladies like fast race horses often win by a bare neck, and yet with this difference—the horse's victory is due to space covered quickly, the young ladies' to space not covered at all.

A French doctor, by an examination of matrimonial statistics, has discovered that out of one hundred blonde women thirty-seven remain old maids by the wayside, while out of one hundred brunettes only eighteen stop without a husband. A little three-year girl, to whom he imparted this information, asked him to make her a brunette.

Yesterday, when a white-wash on a parlor carpet, doing \$50 damage, he said to the grief-stricken lady of the house: "I was a-going to charge ye sixty cents for this white-washin', but in view of dis distastah, I'll put de figgers down one half."

Praise is not valuable unless it comes from one who has also the courage to condemn.

A man may wear the color of a cardinal on his nose and yet not be strictly religious.

How to make a good puff—Send a publisher fifty cents a line for a puff.

## Couldn't Read Small Print.

A correspondent at Constantine, Mich., contributes the following to the "Editor's Drawer" of Harper for June:

"I was reading a melancholy sketch of the last days of poor Tom Marshall a few days ago—how his light went out, flashing and flickering, amid the haunts of men who dared make sport of him, as the Philistines did of Goliath, and I remember a story told of him by a gentleman who was present on the occasion, which I never saw in print.

"Many years ago," he said, "when the science of phrenology first began to attract public attention, a lecturer of that sort, brimful of enthusiasm, turned up in Louisville, and gave a series of 'talks' to the people, and examined a large number of heads, made charts at so much each, and, in short, developed quite an amount of hidden virtue which had not been before even suspected among the good people of that city. Tom Marshall was present and enjoyed the exercises. After the affair was over a crowd adjourned to the Galt House to post books and render judgment on the science itself.

"Tom said he could examine heads as well as anybody—it was all a humbug, a penny-catching business—and to satisfy the people he was right, he would take any number of men who chose to go into the parlor adjoining and make the experiment, although he was a little the worse for an overdose of Bourbon. Many went in, and Tom seated them, and went round from man to man, most of whom he knew, and made a vast amount of fun for the crowd, as he always could on almost any occasion.

"It so happened that among the persons present a Louisville buck, of a scant amount of brains, who was distinguished for his puppyism and forwardness, had taken his seat. Tom passed him, but announced, nevertheless, that he had now examined all the heads in the room; whereupon our buck arose with, 'Beg pardon, Mr. Marshall! I wish just to say you have forgotten me. I have not been examined.' Tom seemed puzzled at first, smiled, looked around, but relieved himself with, 'You must excuse me, sir, I can't do it—I really can't. I am too drunk to read small print by candle-light!'"

## A French Solomon to His Son.

Paris Chivari.

Women love but once—when that once, Women hate in proportion to their love.

Most women retain their virtue, but many like to risk it.  
Not all women lie, but no woman ever tells the whole truth.

Hatred is at the bottom of love, as death is at the bottom of life.

One always thinks he is in love when going up stairs; coming down he is not so sure of it.

You cannot impele a woman in her love; you cannot recall the arrow shot into space.

A woman is a fortress which can always be taken—by him who knows how to make the assault.

Man's vanity is irritated by defeat, and consoled with a rupture. Women's vanity acts in an inverse sense.

Ask not a woman's heart; she has but one, and may give it. Of all fatal presents a woman's heart is the most deadly.

Do not love a romantic woman. She will make an ideal of you which you cannot realize, and which will grieve you to destroy.

The "boss" grasshopper has been heard from. He took the window blinds off a poor widow's house in Phelps county, Mo., and then he roosted on the fence and asked her, "Come now. Are you ever going to bring out that cast-off clothing, or do you want us to starve?"

They materialize to some effect in France. "At a seance in Paris lately, the spirit of Catoche, the famous thief, was called up, and came so practically that nearly every one present subsequently missed a watch or purse."

Now somebody is telling about a lady with a mouth so large that two dentists worked on her lower teeth at the same time without in any way hindering the work of another tooth contractor who was putting up a staging to do a little job on the upper teeth.

The Chicago Tribune says that the President in his third term letter has said "What he means, and said it in terms so concise that the wayfaring politician, though a fool, may comprehend." It appears that the editor of the Tribune, whether a fool or not, did not comprehend, for he says that the letter banishes the third term specter. As a matter of fact, the letter is an open bid for the third term.

Butler, being interviewed, said: "I am giving my attention now to patent rights and questions of law, and consequently I know nothing about General Grant or political questions, and nothing could induce me to discuss the subject.—In the language of the confirmation service, 'I have renounced the devil and all his works.' Important, it is true, but has the devil really lost his best friend? Time will tell.

The ragged edge of a poor man's coat gives him great anxiety this spring.